# NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

TO RAISE EITHER, WE MUST DEPRESS OTHERS; TO SUPPORT OURS, WE MUST PLEASE THEM.—Ed. Johnson.

No. 189. FRIDAY, May 23, 1824. Vol. IV.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
THREE DOLLARS A YEAR—ONE DOLLAR FOR THREE MONTHS.
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.



HATS, GLOVES AND HOSIERY.
CALEB HARTSHORN,
No. 19, CORNHILL,

HAS received by the London Packet, and other arrivals from Europe

Men's Drab Beaver Hats; Boy's do. do. do.
Men's do. and green do. do.
English black Galloon; braid Banding.

GLOVES.

Men's, Doe Skin Gloves,
Do. York tan do.; do. assorted kid do.
Do. white castor do.
Do. assorted do. do.
Do. black and white silk do.
Do. do. and do. spun do. do.
Do. assorted do. do. do.
Men's, white and black do. do.
Do. assorted spun do. do.

HOSIERY.

Men's, white Cotton Hose,
Do. mixt bleached do. do.; do. marble do. do.
Do. black Worsted Hose,
Do. white Cotton 1-2 do.
Do. mixt bleached do. do. do. do. marble do. do. do,
Do. black and white Worsted do. do.
Do. white and marble Vigona do. do.
Do. black and white Silk do. do.
Ladies' white and slate Cotton do.
Do. do. and black Worsted do.
Do. do. and do. Silk do.
Do, do. and do. spun do. do.
Men's do. do. do.; do. Cotton Drawers.

Just received—2 cases New-York Hats of a superfine quality,
A good assortment of Hats, of the Boston Manufactory,
Green and blue Silk Umbrellas,
Do. Cotton do. of different prices.

The above are offered on the most favorable terms to his customers and the public in general. April 27.

PARIS PERFUMERY.

LUKE RICHARDSON has for sale at No. 27, Washington-street, opposite the Old South Meeting House, upper door

FRESH PERFUMERY,
—CONTAINING—
Best double distilled Ambre Lavender Water;
Bouquet of Roses; Cassa Cassia;
Superfine Honey Soap; Extract Oil;
Otto of Roses; Honey Water;
Shaving Soap;
—ALSO—
One Case of COLOGNE WATER of the Best kind.
—ALSO, FROM LONDON—
Alkinson's Curling Fluid;
Vegetable Die; Macassar Oil;
Ambrosial Soap; Windsor Soap.

HAIR WORK.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Wigs, Frizettes, Bands Bandeaus of Curls, Braids, Net Head Dresses, &c.
☞ All kinds Hair Work done at the shortest notice.
☞ Highest Price given for Hair.
A general assortment of
FANCY ARTICLES.
May 11.

Hats, Leghorn Bonnets, &c.

GERRY FAIRBANKS, No. 2, Province-House Row, has for sale, a very extensive assortment of the following goods, viz.

Gentlemen's first superfine HATS;
Superior New-York superfine Hats;
Gentlemen's IMITATION BEAVER Hats at $4;
Common and low priced Hats for shipping and country trade;
Gentlemen's fine DRAB beaver HATS;
Gentlemen's Imitation drab Beavers at $4, an excellent article for summer wear.
Youths' and Children's hats; Boston and New-York manufacture.
Misses' and Youths Leghorn and Palm Leaf Hats;
Ladies LEGHORN BONNETS from 50 to 54;
A few whole do. superior finishes.
Morocco, Glue, Hat Trimmings, Furs, &c.
☞ The above goods will be sold low for cash at wholesale or retail. 3m May 11.

KELLEY & HUDSON,
No. 5, State-Street,

HAVE received by the late arrivals a complete assortment of LONDON GOODS, suitable for the present and approaching season, consisting of
CLOTHS and CASSIMERES, of superior quality, and most fashionable colors;
Figured and plain black Silk VESTINGS;
Do. do. Valencia do.
Do. do. Marseilles do.
ASCENSION CORDS, for Gentlemen's Pantaloons—a new article, particularly calculated for the summer months;
RUSSIAN BELTS, with and without springs, kept constantly on hand.
Also, just received, a few pieces of
FRENCH BLACK & BLUE CLOTHS,
of a better quality than has been imported into this town for years. April 20.

COPARTNERSHIP.

THE Subscribers have formed a connection in business under the firm of
HILLS & POWARS,
and offer for sale at 4, Dock-Square, an assortment of
HARD WARE, CUTLERY AND SADLERY.
STEPHEN HILLS,
May 16.—6t. JOHN POWARS.


## MISCELLANY.

*From the Baltimore Morning Chronicle.*

THE INDIANS.

"Lo the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind,
Sees God in clouds or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray,
Far as the solar walk or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given
Behind the cloud-capt hills a humbler heav'n;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no christians thirst for gold."

So sings the muse of Alexander Pope, and with these benevolent ideas, let us turn our attention to the following extracts from an

*ORATION*

Delivered by Wm. Crafts, Esq. before the New England Society of S. Carolina, at the late centurial celebration of the landing of our forefathers—

"It is not true, as a general position, that the soil of this continent ever belonged to the savage. He had merely the right to hunt in its forests, with this addition, that in the parts of the soil cultivated and improved by him, or occupied with that design, he had an absolute estate.

"It is a rule, that the capacity to improve, gives the best right to enjoy. It is also a rule, that when the exercise of one right becomes incompatible with the due use of another, that which is least important shall be discontinued. Now, what are we to believe was the design of the Almighty in placing man upon the earth? That he might draw forth its latent resources—enlighten its hidden recesses—cover it with smiling harvests—increase its capacities of production—analyze its substance, and adorn its surface with mansions of comfort and happiness, asylums of misfortune, nurseries of literature, and temples of piety. And wherefore did he give to him the magnificent ocean? That he might traverse it for health, for pleasure, for riches, for learning, for liberty, for conquest and for glory.

"The culture of the earth is that toil for bread, which the scriptures ordain. Shall the hunter stand at the mouth of the forest and oppose the entrance of civilized man? Shall the savage lift his tomahawk against the decree of the Almighty, and forbid the gospel to enlighten the heathen; or the wilderness to blossom like the rose? Shall the territories, fitted to sustain thousands in abundant life, be the domain to sustain a few indolent smugglers? As well may the fisherman stand up in his canoe and call the ocean his! The escape of a deer disappoints the hunter at once of his prize and his empire; and if the fish eludes his line, where is the sovereignty of the angler? The agriculturalist is entitled to as much of the forest as he needs. The chase must yield to the plough. If the Indian will not change his habits, he must alter his abode. When the fox becomes tame, he may abide in the city, and when the Indian condescends to be civilized, he may abandon the woods. We now take, without ceremony, the possessions of a lunatic, holding them in trust for his reviving reason."

"It is not true, states the Orator, in the outset, that the soil of this country, ever did belong to the Savages." To whom then did the soil originally belong; to the wild beasts or birds of prey, that sought their abode in the wilderness? Why has our government entered into treaties with red men, for the purchase of their lands—why has money been paid on such contracts, and why have we not acted the part of savages, and cut the throats of all the Indians, because we are more enlightened than they?

Now let us test the integrity of this luminous argument, so far as regards, not these miserable Indians, but ourselves. In many parts of the globe that we inhabit, agriculture is carried to much greater extent than amongst the Americans. Where the population is very redundant and the soil sterile, all the powers of art, all the discoveries of chemistry have been held in requisition to reclaim the soil, and to render the bosom of the earth productive: We will suppose an overwhelming body composed of such men, to arrive on the shores of Maryland. These delicate gentry may not indeed, make use of the bayonet in the first instance; they will endeavor to prove by scripture, that they have a right to become robbers and murderers. They would contend on the principles expounded by this orator, that they had a right to enter our wigwams; the Indians are savages when compared with us, and we would be savages when compared with our new invaders; and on the same principle precisely that we drove the sons of the wilderness from their lands, our invaders would take possession of ours, and both would audaciously plead an Almighty right for so doing.—No man in Baltimore, according to this logic, has a right to enjoy his own estate, when confronted and opposed by a robber.—We may turn and twist this question as we will, it amounts to this only in the end, that strength and right are convertible terms; that a robber is authorised by the divinity himself to prey upon his species—to carry fire and desolation, massacre and murder, into the habitations of unoffending men—that ignorance, imbecility and superstition, constitute no claims on our charity—no appeals to christian sensibility even to attempt their reformation—no generous palpitations of the heart to scatter on this poor benighted, helpless race, some faint, scattering rays of our superior illumination—but they are told in so many words, that the surface of God's earth was not even made for them to inhabit: they are exiles, they are outlaws, they are vagabonds, because they are ignorant. Indeed, we tremble when we hear such doctrines advanced at the present day, because they shew us how nearly all civilized men are to savages. Extermination, extirpation must, according to this logic, flow from the law of the day, and the whole earth become a field of blood. Law is nothing but boundless and solemn mockery—it is no more than a word, according to the principles contended for, when applied either to the savage, or to the civilized race. The orator has endeavored to shew, and his principles carry him up the full length of this assertion, that no man has a right to his own estate. Establish the right, that the most knowing and intelligent may claim a right to the property of others not so highly gifted, and not only all the lands, but even the ocean likewise, may thus become the property of one man. He might extirpate lawfully by fire and sword, all the rest of God's creation, both man and beast, and set himself the solitary individual sovereign and survivor of the universe. Who would believe, that this doctrine was maintained by one, who is now with us on his passage to the tomb; whose grave will not measure a larger circumference and extent than that of a poor Indian, nor receive more favour hereafter from the God of the white men, the red men and the black.

EXTRACT FROM NILES'S REVIEW OF THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

"I know that it is a sort of *high treason*, if committed in the ten miles square, as well as in the estimation of many thousand persons scattered over the United States, possessors or expectants of office, and others bloated with notions of their "influence" at Washington, to breathe a suspicion that a president of the United States can do wrong: and then, they put in operation a *sedition law* to keep down the "factions," lustily maintaining that he who dispenses "the loaves and fishes" of government must needs be in the right! I have discovered this in hundreds of instances—and verily believe, that there is *now* a tolerant spirit, and earnestness as to the truth, than there was in 1798—a spirit, still remembered by me. But be this as it may; although I respect Mr. Monroe, in my own self, more than an army of these things can do, although I have more esteem for him than a "drawing room" full of such as buz about and bow before him, as Persians worship the sun—and although, if his re-election had depended upon my individual vote, he should have been re-elected, yet there are certain parts of his late inaugural address that I shall make some free remarks upon, notwithstanding the said address was generally received like a firman of the Grand Seignor, and has been spoken of in the newspapers as if there was no possibility of doing justice to its excellence. In, my humble opinion, it is the best thing that he ever gave us—in several respects, it is highly interesting and important—*but not faultless.*

"I shall first quote the following paragraph from that address, delivered on the fifth of March last, and then make some remarks upon its matter. The president says:

"'The situation of the United States, in regard to their resources, the extent of their revenue, and the facility with which it is raised, affords a most gratifying spectacle.—The payment of nearly sixty-seven millions of dollars of the public debt, with the great progress made in measures of defence, and in other improvements of various kinds, since the late war, are *conclusive proofs of this extraordinary prosperity*, especially when it is recollected that these expenditures have been defrayed *without a burthen on the people*, the *direct tax* and *excise* having been repealed soon after the conclusion of the late war, and the revenue applied to these great objects having been raised in a manner not to be felt. Our *great resources* therefore, remain untouched for any purpose which may affect the vital interests of the nation.—For all such purposes they are inestimable. They are most especially to be found in the virtue, patriotism and intelligence of our fellow-citizens, and in the devotion with which they would yield up, by any just measure of taxation, all their property, in support of the rights and honor of their country.'"

"There are three principal parts in this paragraph: 1. The extent of the revenue, the facility with which it is raised, and that it is not a "burthen" on the people. 2. The reduction of the public debt. 3. The great "untouched" resources of the country.—Each of these deserve a separate consideration.

"1. The revenue has been large; the more is the pity!—but that it has been raised without a "burthen" I cannot allow. Indeed, I was surprised that the president should have countenanced one of the most vulgar, as well as the most dangerous errors that can exist. He is not to be told that it is the consumer who pays the taxes or duties. A gawky fellow (who once served, I believe, as a representative of the people of one of the counties of Maryland, in the state legislature,) was buying 4lb. of coffee, 9lbs. of sugar, 1-2lb. of tea and some other little articles for the ordinary use of his family, in a store which I happened to step in, and where a conversation was going on about county rates and taxes; which were very oppressive! but he thanked God that the United States did not tax him any thing! So I took a piece of chalk, told, as I enquired what he had purchased, put down the duties upon them; and the fellow stared as if the purport of the matter had been discovered, when it was demonstrated to him, that about 75 cents of the three dollars which he had just paid, and which he considered was for his support as a freeman, and by way of his being decided, proudly to open[illegible] I proceeded further and drove the [illegible] that he paid to the United States [illegible] as much in a year as the [illegible] county taxes amounted to—and he [illegible] much thereat!

"We might have been at loss to know what the president meant by the word "burthen" if he himself had not so explained it that there cannot be any cavilling about it; it refers to the *direct tax* and excise, only; and *these* have been burthensome to the people! Since the commencement of the government in 1789 to the 30th Sept. 1820, the people of the United States have paid into the public treasury the enormous sum of $41,069,111 dollars for duties, or taxes on goods imported and consumed, and only $4,479,865 in amount of *all* the direct taxes and excises that have been levied upon them. Now how it is, that the payment of *thirty-four* millions was a burthen and that of *three hundred and forty* millions no burthen at all, I should like to see explained! I freely confess, it is with great difficulty that I can speak of this matter with the courtesy which the occasion requires. I cannot account for such a habit of thinking, nor see how its promulgation can be justified. Are we to believe that it is necessary to cheat the people into the payment of money for the support of their government—to pick their pockets without letting them know it, to maintain our republican institutions? No—no. Mr. Monroe would never, thinkingly, countenance any thing that tended to such a political iniquity; he will agree that every citizen ought to know what he pays, as well as what becomes of his money, and openly assert that this is the only safe principle on which a free government can be based. He will not—cannot—do otherwise.

"There is nothing that ought to be more firmly impressed on the mind of a republican, than that he should know what his government is doing; that he should *feel* its operation, and by *feeling*, judge the manner of its administration. We cannot suppose; it is a libel on common sense to apprehend, that the heart of the people of this country is so depraved that they must be deceived; *swindled*, into a payment of the rightful and reasonable expenses of the government of their choice. Let them understand what they are about!"

HOSPITALITY.

In the time of the Caliphs, when Abdallah, the *shedder of blood*, had murdered every descendant of Ommieh within his reach, one of that family, named Ibrahim, the son of Soliman, had the good fortune to escape and reach Koufa; which he entered in disguise. Knowing no person in whom he could confide, he seated himself under the portico of a large house. Soon after, the master of the house arriving, followed by several servants, alighted from his horse, entered, and seeing the stranger, asked him who he was. 'I am an unfortunate man,' answered Ibrahim, 'and request from thee an asylum.' 'God protect thee!' replied the host, 'enter, and remain in peace.' Ibrahim lived several months in this house, without being questioned by his host. But, astonished to see him every day go out on horseback, and return at a certain hour, he ventured one day to enquire the reason. 'I have been informed,' said his host, 'that a person named Ibrahim, the son of Soliman, is concealed in this town; he slew my father, and I am searching for him in order to be revenged.' 'Then I know,' said Ibrahim, 'that God has purposely conducted me to this place: I adore his decree, and resign myself to death. God has determined to avenge the offended man: thy victim is at thy feet.' The host, astonished, replied, 'O, stranger, I see thy misfortunes have made thee weary of life; thou seekest to lose it, but my hand cannot commit such crimes.' 'I don't deceive thee,' said Ibrahim; and he proceeded to explain the occasion on which the affair happened, and all the circumstances attending it. A violent trembling then seized the worthy host; his teeth chattered as if from intense cold; his eyes alternately sparkled with fury, and overflowed with tears. At length, turning to Ibrahim, 'To-morrow,' said he, 'destiny may join thee to my father, and God will have retaliated. But as for me, how can I violate the asylum of my house? Wretched stranger! fly from my presence. There, take these hundred sequins; begone quickly, and let me never behold thee more!'

Among the numerous publications daily issuing from the London Press, we observe one with the following title:—"Bellenden Review of the entire Marrow of John Bull; of the real John Bull; and of all the Fighting Bulls of Notoriety: with a History of the Origin and Progress of the Seven Bulls."

BOSTON:
FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 25, 1821.

SUKEY.

After the copious notices of this poem which have appeared in the Galaxy, we ought perhaps to beg pardon of our readers for imposing upon their patience so long an article as the following, connected,—though somewhat indirectly,—with the same poem. It has become very fashionable of late for the gentlemen reviewers to animadvert upon the style of each others' performances; and though readers in general may have some cause to complain, we see not how editors can well refuse to give the combatants *a fair chance*. We must repeat however—what we have said before to writers of this description—that "brevity is the soul of wit, and tediousness but the limbs and outward flourishes."

REVIEW OF
A REVIEW IN A LATE BOSTON GAZETTE.

Of the various kinds of literary composition, that which requires the least intellectual ability is a common place review of a common place production. Hence the multitude of such matters, and the number of petty criticks. As soon as a new poem, or sermon, or oration is issued from the press, a host of sage gentlemen arise, each striving to be foremost to let the world know that he possesses the talent to judge of both its beauties and defects. The worst works however (and blessed be fortune for this, at least) are those most liable to fall into such hands;—and among the most miserably mean of all human labours, we reckon a confused, long, dull poem; such an one, for example, as SUKEY.

As soon as this Sukey was let loose upon the world, we gave a glance at her which answered our purpose. Her dress satisfied us of her character. A bonnet, rigged out with as much finery as her head could sustain, corresponded poorly with her tattered skirt, and soiled petticoat; and her languishing eye had not a very ravishing effect upon one who could discover that her cheeks were painted, and her shoes down at the heel. But she had a fashionable gait, which she aped from her superiors, who were no better than they should be; and this has, as we anticipated, drawn after her some near-sighted, hood-winked criticks; and among them, the author of the elegant Review, which we are about to notice.

Before we proceed to our object, however, we stay a moment to remark upon the lamentable change which appears to have taken place in the publick taste respecting Poetry. The plain, delicate, rational strains of Dryden, Pope, Goldsmith, Gray, Collins, Cowper, &c. are no longer in fashion. While Southey and Scott and Byron carry all before them. This state of things cannot possibly continue. We have reasons for this prophecy which were easily given would our limits permit. There is, to be sure, no standard of taste. But the decisions of ages are entitled to some little respect,—the memory of the mighty dead to some little reverence.

The review of *Sukey* in the Gazette of last week, and signed G., resembles all the other labours of the same writer, being distinguished for cant, extravagance, deficiency of taste, impertinence, stupidity, and vanity. Without any acquaintance with English Syntax, and Prosody, the laws of which he violates in every other sentence; and unable to point out the difference between a *syllogism* and a *syllabub*—he sets himself up for a critick—and pretends to enlighten and advise both authors and the publick.

We extract a few of the sentences of this most sagacious G. that all may judge for themselves of his super-eminent abilities and of the justness of our remarks.

The author of Sukey, *judging alone from this work*, has unquestionably much poetic talent.

In this sentence, the *author of Sukey is judging*, which is not the meaning G. intended to convey. The adverb *alone* is, besides, not in the proper place.

There are passages in this poem *indeed* which, &c.

The word *indeed* is out of place, and is, *indeed*, quite unnecessary.

Then follows his favourite song, which all who have read the work, *have read*, &c.

No doubt!

These quotations have been made to show what and all that we think, &c.

The preface is the first thing that attracts the notice of the reader in the pamphlet before us.

This cannot be true, unless the work have no title page! but, perhaps, the preface precedes the title page!

The preface is written *in a bad taste*.

Then follow these newly-received *opinions*.

Here the nominative case most deliciously agrees with the verb!

Taken from one of Foster's *Essays*, occupying the space of 2 1-2 pages.

Whether what is taken from this Essay, or the whole Essay be intended, is not said. The meaning of the words is, that Foster's Essay occupies 2 1-2 pages—which is amusing.

We have been unable to make any application [illegible] the preface and the poem.

Sukey as a poem is an imitation of the [illegible]

Sukey was [illegible] from [illegible] Sukey a feeble one of [illegible].

The work [illegible] should probably be [illegible] the [illegible] article following, [illegible] will about imitation is [illegible] by [illegible]. See Review of Sukey in Galaxy of [illegible].

Though [illegible] together by very slender links, it was held together by a story of much interest and effect!

Stringing together, on a gossamer's web [illegible] ideas, which a *wilderness* of association might [illegible] his way.

A wilderness throwing *ideas*, which are to be strung upon a gossamer!—good!—what is meant by *gossamer's* web? Does G. take a gossamer to be an animal?—Next comes a noble paragraph which we must give entire, without comment.

Many have attempted to make out a connected history of our author's heroine, but have *uniformly failed* either from the want of perseverance or *brains*;—to *relieve such* and *all* others, who will not read or *cannot understand* it if they do, WE have taken the pains to compile a faithful abstract of her *whole* history and character as developed by her own author.

Her foot and ancle were such as the great *Canova* would have carved as beautiful; there were few who could make a shoe to fit her foot, and she made her own slippers.

Here is a good sentence, well-constructed and liable to no objection;—the subject is perfectly within G's. line of business—and consequently he has not blundered.

Sukey succeeded in becoming a Profess[illegible] the *History* of Jack Horner, Mother Goose, and some few other *stories* of the same kind.

We can inform the erudite critick, that *Mrs. Goose* hath had no history published that we ever heard of. And as for her stories, the world hath no others of the same kind. It is possible we here commit ourselves; and we feel that upon such topicks we ought to knuckle to G.

Her aunt loved her too, and *she learned* her the whole art of cooking, &c.

The verb *learned* is here placed, elegantly, as an active verb, for which we express our thanks. From the words *she learned her*, we cannot find out which is the teacher, which the pupil. In the sentence following we are charmingly served in the way of *tease*, which favour demands also much gratitude.

After some years *had passed*, she *had grown* up to the girl, which we have before described.

She goes in a stage sleigh, *where* we are not informed."

They danced at this party, *eat*, and talked vulgarly.

In the former of the two preceding sentences *where* is used for *whither*—in the latter, the present for the imperfect tense.

A negro *is* introduced with a letter from an old friend of the hostess, wishing to call upon her if she *was* disengaged.

There is no finding out, positively, from the above sentence, which of the three personages wishes to call upon Sukey. We think it is the negro. The word WAS is here used with remarkable precision and perspicuity.

The Afric, or the letter, states, that he had just landed, &c.

Who is *he*?—The negro, we think—but the whole is nonsense.

We come next to a delicate morsel; for which our reader may smack his lips.

We cannot enter into an elaborate analysis of the manner in which this *story* has been *executed*. We shall quote however some of the more characteristic passages, with some few comments upon them, with the hope that the author will learn to think more deeply, *definitely* and clearly; and to express his thoughts in a more logical and intelligible phraseology.

The author of Sukey must think more deeply, definitely and clearly! must learn to express his thoughts in a more *logical*, and intelligible phraseology,—he is in duty bound to attend to such advice,—and, if he can, we recommend that he put himself immediately under G's. tuition;—i. e. if he wants fame, and honour, and immortality.

We extract the whole of the 13th stanza, to point out a common fault in this work, we mean obscurity for want of grammatical accuracy.

The above sentence has nothing damnable about it, but the words "grammatical accuracy" sound ludicrously from the lips of our critick!

But we ask any reader, however intelligent, to say if this stanza is fairly conveyed by the language? Whether *he would have understood* it so from a cursory perusal? or rather *whether he would not have supposed* the lines in italics *to have had reference* to "Heaven" and not "spirit?"

Here is a selection of mode and tense, as indirect and puzzling as any witless scribbler could well adopt. It should be—Whether he *understood* it so from a cursory perusal, and whether he *did* not *suppose* the line in italicks *to have* reference, &c.

In the description of Sukey's eye, the same observation as the last will apply.

The same observation as the last!—mighty well!—But G. has acquired renown as a poet—and doubtless all the muses lend him their aid when

"Studious, he sits, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought—a vast profound."

He must have intended his above quoted paragraph for poetry; and if he did not, we will hazard the assertion that he never wrote a better couplet in his life.

In the description of Sukey's eye
The same observation as the last will apply":

But neither of these being personifications, can be said with elegance or propriety, *to look*.

This sentence wants nothing more than a nominative case to the verb *can be said* to make it the sweetest in the world. But, as it is, it sounds well; and is near enough to "grammatical accuracy" for any of the critticks in town.

If the following is intended for truth, it is proper that we *should* deny it; if wrong, it ought to have been conveyed as such.

The preceding are not all the tid-bits in the Grticism of G. To use his own words "we could multiply passages of the kind *ad infinitum*." We have remarked merely upon the *language* of the review. There was in it nothing else upon which we could remark.

After heartily begging pardon of the sensible reader for keeping him for such a length of time upon this performance, we conclude with a few observations.

In defence of the great impropriety which we have exposed, and which might have been avoided by an ordinary school boy, ten years of age, we are at loss to conjecture what can be said. That G. had time enough to *revise and correct* is certain; for the article was announced for publication a full week before it appeared. If he shall affect to consider us hypercritical, let him look at Blair upon Addison's style!!

We think that such poems as Sukey, and such criticisms as those of G. though the former, with all its demerits, does not certainly deserve the reproach of being mentioned in conjunction with the latter, will be likely to give to the enemies of American literature as much malicious pleasure, as its real friends will feel of undeserved mortification. An erudite keeper of a Circulating Library, somewhere in the remote parts of Hindostan, it is said, once declared privately to his friends, "that there was no happiness in this world, but in being an AUTHOR." Among ourselves this opinion seems lately to obtain. We trust we have good nature enough to assist those who are determined to rise; nor do we envy the elevation to which, either by good luck, or just deservings, any have arrived; but it is grievous to be tormented with apprehensions that our friends, whose ambition tempts them to unequal darings, may fall, and break their necks before our eyes.

To write well is laborious: to write much, an easy matter. They who set out either to instruct or to please mankind, and expect to be rewarded for their endeavours, should, by all means, consider if they be qualified for the undertaking; for though prejudice and envy may awhile blind men's minds, the decision of the world upon authors is always ultimately just. In conclusion, we feel bound particularly and feelingly to advise all young writers, pious writers, critical writers, such writers as G. never to travel on the road to literary fame without taking especial care that Murray's Abridgement, price 12 1-2 cents, be stowed snugly in the bottom of their saddle bags, for occasional consultation "in times that try men's souls."

X.

Communicated for the New-England Galaxy.

PERNICIOUS EFFECTS OF TOBACCO.

Doctor RUSH, in his volume of Essays, has given a short, but very important paper, upon the "Influence of the habitual use of *Tobacco* upon health, morals, and property." I have made a brief abstract of that essay, for the purpose of its more easy and general diffusion. Those, who use tobacco, are generally fond of other *stimulants*; among which, with opium and spirits, may properly be classed the *Galaxy*. —These remarks, therefore, by being compounded with a dose of it, will be more likely, than in any other way, to operate beneficially upon the great body of *smokers, chewers*, and *snuffers*, in New-England.

The love of tobacco, like that of spirituous liquors, is wholly acquired, and that gradually. Its taste is, at first, extremely disagreeable to every one. In fevers, the appetite for it is always extinguished. A sudden disrelish to it is a sign of an approaching fever,—and a return of this appetite is indicative of a departing one.

I. With respect to the influence of tobacco upon *health*;—

1. It impairs the appetite.

2. It prevents the digestion of food.

3. It produces nervous diseases;—such as tremors in the hands, loss of memory, palsy, and apoplexy.

4. It injures and destroys the teeth, and has been known to produce a cancer upon the lip.

5. It injures the complexion; and when used in the form of snuff, impairs the voice.

II. With regard to its influence upon *morals*;—

1. Smoking and chewing tobacco occasion *thirst*; which cannot be allayed except by *strong drinks*. Thus, the practice almost inevitably leads to intemperance.

2. Smoking tobacco disposes strongly to idleness;—and idleness is the parent of every other bad habit.

3. The use of tobacco, every way, is necessarily connected with the neglect of cleanliness.

4. Its use, in chewing and smoking, more especially the latter, is generally offensive and disgusting to those people who do not use it, particularly to the female sex. It is therefore a breach of good manners. It renders us disagreeable to others, not only while using tobacco, but for hours afterwards. It imparts a most nauseating taint to the breath.

III. With respect to its influence on *property*;—

1. It makes a great inroad upon *time*. A snuff-taker wastes five whole days in a year. A smoker consumes nearly one month in twelve! Time is money. What a waste of time and money is smoking!

2. The *expense* of using tobacco is a very serious evil. A moderate smoker of segars will consume daily from three to six, and some double that number. The cost of only three or four a day will amount, in forty years, with interest, to upwards of 4000 dollars. The expense of time will probably be double that sum; making a loss of property, during a man's life, of 12,000 dollars or upwards!

Dr. Rush proves and illustrates these several positions by many examples of the deleterious effects of tobacco. He once lost a young man of 17 years of age, of a pulmonary consumption, brought on by the intemperate use of segars.

Sir John Pringle was subject to tremors in the hands. Dr. Franklin suggested to him, that they were caused by the large quantity of snuff which he took. He left off taking it, and soon afterwards recovered the perfect use of his hands. His memory had also been impaired by it; and he recovered the perfect use of that faculty at the same time.

It is pretended, that chewing tobacco preserves the teeth. It does not. To preserve the teeth, they should be kept perfectly clean. No vegetable or animal substance should be suffered to adhere to them, or to lodge between them, or in any part of the mouth. It is impossible for any one, who chews tobacco, to keep the teeth or the mouth clean. They will be constantly covered with a coat of corroding vegetable substance, highly injurious to the enamel.

A citizen of Philadelphia lost all his teeth, by drawing the hot smoke of tobacco into his mouth by means of a short pipe.

Dr. Rush was informed of a farmer in Pennsylvania, who was afflicted with a cancer on the lip, which terminated fatally, from the same cause.

Dr. Masillac informed Dr. Rush, that his father lost his memory, at 40 years of age, by the excessive use of snuff.

One of the greatest men Dr. R. ever knew, acquired a love for ardent spirits, by chewing tobacco. He died of a dropsy, which was the consequence, under his care, in the year 1780.

We are sometimes told, that tobacco is a preservative from contagious diseases. This is not true. Mr. Howard informs us, that it had no efficacy in checking the contagion of the *plague*; and repeated experience in Philadelphia has proved, that it is equally ineffectual as a defence against the *Yellow Fever*.

Dr. Franklin, a few months before his death, declared to one of his friends, that he had never used tobacco, in any way, in the course of his long life;—and that he was disposed to believe there was not much advantage to be derived from it; for that he had never met with a man who used it, who advised him to follow his example.

BONES MORES.

Communicated for the New-England Galaxy.

*AN ODD CHARACTER.*

Near the turnpike road in New-Hampshire, in the town of Andover, stands a habitation at a great distance from all others, which is occupied by an individual of remarkably eccentric character. The building is but ten feet in height, extremely rough in its external appearance, and to it are attached several sign boards denoting the various employments of the occupant within. One, projecting a little beyond it, represents the place to be a "Post Office," where our stage accordingly stopped, and the driver delivered his letters. Another, veering to the left, announces a "Printing Office and Bookstore;" while below it, appears a shop window extensively lined with watches, and the instruments of workmanship usually pertaining to that profession. The name of the singular occupant of this building is Ebenezer Chase—a man of about forty years of age, of a [illegible] and strikingly indicative of [illegible] fasting and devout contemplation. [illegible] at the stage door for the purpose of receiving whatever packets might be consigned to his care, and while doing so, our driver asked for one or two of his pamphlets for the perusal of the passengers. He immediately went into the printing office, and returned with two of them, which on presenting to the driver, he observed, were refuse numbers of the work, having already disposed of every fair copy in his hands—evidently showing they were in great demand. These pamphlets were entitled the "Religious Informer," and purport to be a publication issued once in a month, and consisting of sixteen pages devoted to the cause of the free will baptists. In fact we learnt that this distinguished personage was himself not only Editor, Publisher, and Printer of the work, but a free will baptist preacher; that he made the ink, cut the types, and carried on the entire business of publication individually and alone.

But these were not all his professions. While engaged with the driver, we were informed by our fellow passengers, that he was master of a variety of other occupations which were then carried on in the same edifice. It turned out that we had neglected to notice many of his most important employment and that in addition to those we had first remarked, he was Painter and Glazier, Engraver, Shoemaker, Maker of Patent Wheels and Spools, Psalm-Singer, and Poet; in fact a complete counterpart of the renowned Caleb Quotem. Judging by appearances every thing went on *like clock work*. As a preacher, he prayed for the *salvation* of souls, and as a cobler he *mended* them.—As a painter he *glossed* over their deformities, and as a printer, he never failed to make a favourable *impression* on the hearts and consciences of his numerous and devout patrons. In short "he was up to every thing," and wherever versatility of genius was required, he proved himself equal to any undertaking whatever.

The following is extracted from the last number of *Brother* Chase's publication, being for the present month. An Elder in the interior of New-York writes.

"I have largely ranged through many towns in this country, through all weathers by day and night, and have spared no pains to do good among the people. I have (for these days in this country) suffered many things from different quarters in various ways; but blessed be God, through him victory has been, and is still turning on liberty's side, and I have in a good measure seen the desire of my soul."

* * * * * * *

"The voice of Christ says, 'My son give me *thy heart!*" and to him who obeys, he will say, "Go in peace! go into the grave! go to judgment! go into Eternity! go in peace!"

* * * * * * *

"*A Preacher.*—A Preacher ought to possess a generous and humane disposition, and a de-

...understanding in every capacity, and a ... without vanity, with the generosity of ..., and the firmness of Washington; and all bitterness, as Mr. Blair said, ought to be one persuasive oration for men to do good."

### THE FINE ARTS.

Mr. Peale's moral picture of the Court of Death, still open for exhibition, we are happy to hear, receives the eulogiums of amateurs and critics in the art of Painting. It is undeniably a very successful effort to represent moral sentiment and to enforce truth by a language which speaks only to the eye. As a testimony of the opinions of amateurs at New-York, (which by the way, we do not cite as any authority) we publish from the Columbian the following preamble and resolution of the council board of that city.

The Board of Common Council, feeling a lively interest in the success of the Fine Arts, and understanding that the "Court of Death," now exhibiting at the Academy, from the pencil of Rembrandt Peale, is an effort of uncommon genius deserving the patronage of an enlightened public—Therefore,

Resolved, That this Board will visit the Academy for the purpose of viewing the said Painting, and that it be recommended to our fellow-citizens generally, to embrace the present opportunity to improve their taste, and evince their liberality to a native artist, by yielding to the exhibition a generous support during its continuance in this city.

A painting by Col. Sargent has been purchased by Mr. D. L. Brown, and is now exhibiting at his rooms in Cornhill. It represents a "Dinner Party," and—(we have not seen it)—is said to be very much in the style of the Capuchin Chapel, which was exhibited here some months ago, and received the highest praises from those who were competent judges. We trust the intelligent and accomplished authors of these works will be suitably rewarded by the patronage of the public.

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We republish to-day from a Salem paper, the shocking account of the execution of Stephen M. Clark, a youth of 17 years of age, convicted of setting fire to a barn. Indeed, it is time that the criminal laws of this country, should undergo a revision. We do not profess to have any of that refined and double twilled humanity, that sees nothing in the punishment of a criminal, but compassion for the offence. But surely such a clause in the code of criminal justice as the present, calls loudly for revision and amendment."

The above is taken from the Morning Chronicle of this city. Notwithstanding Mr. Allen's confession to the contrary (very honest confession, no doubt) we believe that his "double-twilled humanity" did actually get the better of his judgement and good sense when he wrote the paragraph. He would make it appear that Clark was hung for setting fire to a barn; he might as well have contended that Hatfield and Hull were hung for merely loading a pistol. The last sentence in his paragraph is entirely destitute of meaning.

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Although we have given in our last page the usual quantity of *Selected Poetry*, yet we cannot resist the temptation we feel to enrich our columns with the following exquisite breathing of the muse.

ON AN INFANT SMILING AS IT AWOKE.

After the sleep of night, as some still lake
Displays the cloudless Heavens in reflection,
And, dimpled by the breezes, seems to break
Into a waking smile of recollection,
As if from its calm depths the morning light
Call'd up the pleasant dreams that gladden'd night:—
So does the azure of those laughing eyes
Reflect a mental Heaven of thine own;
In that illumined smile I recognize
The sunlight of a sphere to us unknown;
Thou hast been dreaming of some previous bliss
In other worlds, for thou art new to this.
Hast thou been wafted to Elysian bowers,
To some bright star where thou hast pre-existed;
Inhaled the ambatic fragrancy of flowers
Around the golden harps of seraphs twisted,
Or heard those nightingales of Paradise
Pour thrilling songs and choral harmonies?
Perchance all breathing life is but an essence
From the great fountain Spirit in the sky,
And thou hast dream'd of that transcendent presence
Whence thou hast fall'n, a dew-drop from on high,
Destined to lose, as thou shalt mix with earth,
These bright recollings of thy heavenly birth.
We deem thy mental memory not begun,—
But hast thou [illegible] remembrance of the past;
No lingering twilight of a former sun,
Which o'er thy slumbering faculties hath cast
Shadows of unimaginable things,
Too high or deep for human fathomings?
Perchance, while reason's earliest flush is brightening
Athwart thy brain, celestial sights are given;
Ajar that opens to let out the lightning
Dazzling a transitory glimpse of Heaven;
And thou art wept in visions all too bright
For aught but Cherubim, and Infant's sight.
Emblem of heavenly purity and bliss,—
Mysterious type which none can understand,
Let me with reverence approach to kiss
Limbs lately touch'd by the Creator's hand:—
So awful art thou, that I feel more prone
To claim thy blessing than bestow mine own.

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### MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.

A most mysterious and tragical event happened at Gloucester last week. A lad about 12 years of age named Benjamin Davis was murdered, as is supposed, by Gideon Pilsbury, another lad, of 17. They had been [illegible] to cut wands. Reasons were heard [illegible] which were supposed to come from Davis. Some time [illegible] was seen to come out with an axe in his hand, and Davis following him [illegible] struck; he soon fell, unable to stand. Two girls, who were [illegible] them, alarmed the neighbors, who on coming to the place met Parsons with the lifeless body of Davis in his arms. "A jury of inquest was summoned, who found, on the deceased, four separate and distinct wounds, viz—One wound with the axe across the back part of the head, 3 inches in length and 1 1-2 inch in depth, which had the appearance of a very heavy blow, and went into the brain—another wound with the axe on the left cheek, 2 inches in length, and 1 1-2 inch in depth, in the direction of the jawbone, which was split—a contusion on the left shoulder, which appeared to be done with the head of the axe—another wound and bruise on the right shoulder, which appeared to be done with the outer, or *lower*, corner of the axe—another wound on the right arm, on the out side, about three inches below the elbow, and appeared to be done with the inner, or *upper*, corner of the axe, in an oblique direction downwards towards the little finger. Parsons insists that he gave but one blow, and that this was given to cut off a twig from the small tree, which he had cut down, and which the deceased (as Parsons says) had on his shoulder attempting to haul across the swamp. Parsons has been apprehended on a complaint for having designedly killed the deceased and has this day been examined before James Goss, Esq. and ordered to be committed for trial at the next October term of the Supreme Judicial Court, to be holden at Salem, in this County, and he was accordingly committed to the gaol in Ipswich.

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### GLEANINGS FROM ENGLISH PAPERS.

The inhabitants of Burningham, Yorkshire, were much annoyed, in the evening of Sunday, the 11th ult. by the most hideous screams and horrid yells. These discordant sounds were found to proceed from a room, where a party of religious fanatics had assembled, for the purpose of dislodging his satanic majesty, who had most unwarrantably taken possession of one of their sect. The facts are simply these:—A pauper, who had formerly been connected with those maniacs, but who had of late absented himself from their meetings determined to join them again. He accordingly made application to be re-admitted, and, at the same time, accounted for his absence by declaring himself to be under the influence of the devil. This confession was a sufficient hint—the elders were immediately summoned, and the poor renegade was doomed to undergo the most severe penance. The heads of the society desired their willing victim to kneel upon the floor. In this position he was firmly held, while their chief priest, with his clenched fist, struck him three rather weighty blows on the pericranium, at the same time exclaiming, "this is God's hammer—Devil, come out!" The poor fellow was then assailed on all sides by those around him, who, with savage yells and frightful gestures, made a determined attack on the carcase, which they believed to contain their infernal foe. After dealing their blows with great liberality for a considerable time, a truce took place—but the poor fool not satisfied with the pummelling he had received, complained that the devil had not yet left him, and that he still felt him at his right side. On this being announced, the sharp elbow of a female made a dreadful plunge in his small ribs, and another general attack ensued. Being at length beaten to his heart's content, he declared his deliverance. One of the sect was then appointed to watch him for three days, that the devil might not re-enter, and the meeting broke up. The most blasphemous expressions were uttered during the performance of this impious ceremony—and a deliberate debate ensued as to what they should make of the arch fiend when secured. It was at length agreed that he should be cast into a stone quarry. We understand, however, that he eluded the vigilance of his assailants. If these people believe in the exorcisms they preach, and in their power to perform miracles, it is time [illegible] If, on the contrary, they wilfully practise delusion upon the ignorant, they should be whipped, and sent to the common gaol.

LITERARY SHOEMAKERS.—The fraternity of shoemakers have, unquestionably, given rise to some characters of worth and genius. The late Mr. Holcroft was originally an indigent shoemaker; Robert Bloomfield wrote his poem of *The Farmer's Boy* while employed at this business; and Dr. Wm. Carey, professor of Sanscrit and Bengalee, at the College of Fort William, Calcutta, and the able and indefatigable translator of the scriptures into many of the eastern languages, was, in early life, a shoemaker in Northamptonshire. The present Mr. Gifford, the translater of Juvenal, and the supposed editor of the Quarterly Review, spent some of his early days in learning the "craft and mystery" of a shoemaker, as he tells us, in one of the most interesting pieces of autobiography ever penned, and prefixed to his nervous and elegant version of the great Roman satirist.

BILL FOR PHYSIC.—In the course of some proceedings in the Court of Chancery, lately, Mr. Horne stated, that a bill which had been brought in to the executors of a testator, by an apothecary for physic, amounted to the sum of £421, the apothecary, admitting that he had received £100 during the life-time of the testator. The bill of particulars enumerated nine visits by night and fifteen by day, at a guinea each visit; 5728 draughts, 168 mixtures, 119 boluses, 68 lotions, 78 liniments, 258 boxes of pills, and other doses to the amount of not less than 700; and inoculating the testator seven times.

THE IRISH PEASANT.—The following passage occurs in an article on the state of Ireland, given in a weekly journal: "What is at this instant the actual situation of the Irish peasant? He rents, perhaps, one, two, or rarely three acres from some absentee landlord, to whose agent he pays from 2*l.* to 3*l.* rent an acre, with a proportionate sum in presents for forbearance. He pays the Catholic Pastor the dues of his own religion. He pays the Protestant Pastor the tithes of the establishment. He pays a stipulated period of duty work to his landlord; and, after deducting the value of his stock, he feeds, or rather starves, a numerous family on the *profits*. Nor is this all. The Clergyman, to secure himself, lets his tithes at a valuation to a Proctor, and the Proctor grinds the occupier for his equivalent. The absentee landlord lets to a middle man, who lets again to the resident labourer, and thus the peasant, who occupies and tills the soil, has to bear the extortion of a fourfold profit to the Clergyman and the Proctor and the landlord and the middle man, not to mention his fees to the Catholic Priest, and his hush-money to the Protestant Agent. The consequence of this is visible. He lives in his mud hovel in an actual state of nature. His wife, himself, his children and his pig, ordinate together on terms of comfortable equality the same stye covers, and the same potatoe feeds them; and the ear of the passenger would not easily distinguish between the howl of the beast and the grunt of his family. The unfortunate victim of this system thus lingers out a miserable existence; or, sometimes finding even that impossible, flies to the fatal charms of illicit distillation. With the gaol or the landlord for his rent on the one hand, and the gaol of the Government for his crimes on the other, his morals become as desperate as his fortune, and he plunges headlong into an abyss of perjury, too familiar to be any longer frightful."

Extract of a letter, dated Tours, January 25: "A few days ago the Marquis Suzar arrived here from Paris; he lodged in the same hotel as Bergami, and gives a strange account of this fellow: his establishment consisted of two mistresses, twelve men servants, most gorgeously apparelled, and half a dozen of carriages. The little Victorine is treated like a queen; when she goes up or down stairs at night, two men servants bear carrying a wax candle in each hand, with arms crossed, as is observed in the Princesses of England.

[illegible] news? Does it not speak volumes? The [illegible] not nothing this communication of [illegible] ordered him to quit Paris in twenty-four hours, and France in three days."

At the sitting of the Royal Society, on Thursday evening week, Captain Kater read an interesting paper on the subject of the volcano which he has discovered in the moon. On examining the dark part of the moon through a telescope, he perceived a bright spot resembling a star; and subsequent observations convinced him it was a volcano. As that part of the moon in which it is situated has now become illuminated, the volcano is no longer visible.

It is generally believed, that cork is the bark of the cork-tree; on the contrary, it is an excrescence formed by exudation on the cuticle, or outer bark of the tree. The trees are stripped the first time before they are twenty years old, and generally once in eight or ten years after. It would appear, this contributes to their health and vigour; for, if left unstripped, they begin to decay in a few years, and, in 50 or 60 years, a whole plantation, thus neglected, is destroyed; but those regularly peeled live and thrive more than 200 years. When the cork is removed, an exudation takes place, which acquires consistency by the action of the air, and thus the succeeding layer of cork is formed. The oldest trees afford the best cork, which, after every successive peeling, improves in quality.

The superb ornaments on the harness of the horses of the Spanish ambassador are so extremely massy that one of the horses, while standing still, could not sustain it, which caused him to fall while waiting for his excellency at the house of lords when the king went in state to open the session of parliament.

The foreign papers state that Mr. Hellforth, a printer at Erfurt, has invented a press to print eight sheets at a time. This machine, which may be made of any size, supplies 7000 copies each sheet in 12 hours, making 56,000 sheets printed on both sides. The machine is put in motion by one horse, and three men are sufficient to supply it, and take them away. Each sheet perfects itself.

The Coronation of George IV. is said to be fixed for the 19th of June. The new Crown, which is much larger, loftier, and more magnificent than the old one, was deposited in the jewel-house of the Tower on Tuesday. The young gentleman who is to represent the Champion of England, on the occasion, is now taking lessons of horsemanship for the purpose at Astley's. The bill for his Majesty's coronation robes exceeds, it is said, 20,000*l.* of which 11,000*l.* falls to the Furrier's share. For the black spots on the inside of the robes, no less than 26,000 Astracan lamb's feet have been required.—*London paper.*

Miss Wilson, the young lady who has lately astonished and delighted the metropolis by her vocal powers, is the daughter of a cheesemonger on the Surry side of the Thames. Sir John Sebright when paying a bill to her father happened to hear her and was so much struck with her musical capabilities, that he asked leave to bring a friend to hear her. He accordingly took Mr. Welsh, who instantly concluded a bargain.

Mr. Kean has already remitted home to Mrs. Kean £1400 sterling as the early net produce of his dramatic harvest in the United States of America.

The following strange bill was actually handed by a Shoemaker to a gentleman in the County of Kent, who, without questioning the items, paid for the same: "Squire D———, debtor to S. Wotton, Shoemaker: Dec 26, Clogd up Miss, 10d; Mended up Miss, 2d.—Jan. 3, Toe-Capt Master, 11d; Turned up, Clogd up, and mended the Maid, 1s6d; Heeltapt Master, 3d. Jan. 7, Lined, bound up, put a piece on Madam, 4s0d; Stitching up Miss Kitty, 8d.—Jan. 12, Soling the Maid, [illegible] Madam, 4d; Putting a piece on Madam, [illegible] Total 9s 10d. Errors excepted.

S. WOTTON.

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The Emperor Alexander has presented our distinguished citizen, Dr. MITCHELL of New-York, with a ring, valued at 10,000 roubles. New-York editors are amusing themselves with a discussion of the question, whether the Doctor, as a plain republican, ought to accept such a present from the autocrat of Russia, or whether he *can* constitutionally accept it, without forfeiting his citizenship.—*Albany Statesman.*

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NATURAL CURIOSITY. The Grand Saline is between the two forks of the Arkansaw, about 280 miles southwest of Fort Osage. It is a hard level plain of a reddish coloured sand, of an irregular figure, being in circumference full thirty miles. From the appearance of drift wood, scattered on this tract, it would seem, the whole plain was constantly overflowed by the surrounding streams. This plain is entirely covered in dry hot weather, from two to eight inches deep, with a crust of clean white salt, of a quality rather superior to the imported blown salt, which bears a striking resemblance to a field of new fallen snow, succeeded by rain, with a light crust on the top. Nothing can be more picturesque on a bright sunny morning than this natural curiosity.

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## Masonic Calendar.

COMMUNICATIONS NEXT WEEK.

Mount Lebanon Lodge, Boston, Monday Evening.

Special meeting of St. Paul's Chapter, Tuesday at 4 o'clock.

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## Marriages.

In this town, 24 inst. Mr. George Dodd, merchant, of Charleston, S. C. to Miss Sarah Gerry, of this town.

In Salem, Mr. Thomas Driver to Miss Mehitable Luscomb.—Mr. Francis M. Russell to Miss Ann Williston.

In Beverly, Mr. Edmund Stone to Miss Nancy Stanley. Mr. Lawrence Connelly to Miss Eunice Pousland.

In Greenfield, Rev. Thomas Shephard, of Ashfield, to Miss Sarah Barrett, of Northfield.

In Southbury, Conn. Mr. Moreus Van Knap, aged 65, to Miss Polly Ferry, aged 20. The papers very gravely add, that the groom has now *three wives* living, and the bride *two husbands*.

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## Deaths.

In this town, on Monday evening, Mary Thomas, eldest daughter of Mr. Wm. M. H. Munroe, aged 3 years and 5 months.

On Thursday last, in the 73d year of her age, Mrs. Priscilla West, relict of the late Rev. Dr. West, pastor of the church in Hollis-street.

In Milton, 12th May, Mrs. Catherine Vose, aged 81, widow of the late Mr. Samuel Vose.

In Salem, Mr. Amos Lauson aged 82.—Widow Mary Johnson, aged 81, being run over by a loaded waggon while crossing a street.

In Brunswick, Me. Mr. John Adams, aged 33, son of the late Dr. Samuel Adams of Bath.

In East Greenwich, R. I. Thomas Arnold, Esq. the Surveyor and Inspector of the Revenue for that port, to which office he was appointed by President Washington, aged 78.

In Groton, Conn. Mr. Moses Morgan. In endeavoring to stop a pair of horses, which were running off with a harrow, he was pressed against a wall, and so much injured as to expire in six hours.

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JUST Published by WELLS & LILLY, No. 67 Cornhill-street,

The CHRISTIAN DISCIPLE, and THEOLOGICAL REVIEW—For March and April, 1821—No. 3, vol 3. May 25.

THEATRE.

MR. KEAN'S THIRD NIGHT.

THIS EVENING, FRIDAY, MAY 25th, 1821, will be presented, the Tragedy of

RICHARD III.

Richard, Mr. [illegible]

To which will be added [illegible]

LADIES AT HOME.

ILLUMINATION OF PEALE'S

COURT OF DEATH

ENTRANCE No. 16, [illegible]

EXPERIENCE in the exhibition of [illegible] the convenience, beauty and [illegible] of a judicious illumination, the public are [illegible] informed that arrangements are made for the evening exhibition.

Open EVERY DAY and Illuminated [illegible] evenings in the week. ☞ Admittance 25 cts.; children half price. May 4.

THE NEW PICTURE.

THE DINNER PARTY, painted by Col. Sargent, is NOW OPEN FOR PUBLIC VIEW, at Mr. D. L. Brown's rooms, adjoining his Academy, No. 12, Cornhill-Square.

Admittance 25 cts. from 10 in the morning till 5 in the afternoon. May 25.—[illegible]

MASONIC NOTICE.

MOSITOR LODGE at Waltham, will be consecrated and its Officers installed in ample form on the 23th of June next, and the nativity of St. John the Baptist will be celebrated on the same day. Other Lodges and the brethren generally are invited to unite in the celebration.

Oration by R. W. Br. THOMAS POWERS, of Boston. Procession to form at Br. Leonard Smith's, at 10 o'clock, precisely.

N. B. Entertainment by Br. Leonard Smith, and suitable provision will be made for the Ladies.

Per Order of the Committee of Arrangements.

May 25. EPHRAIM ALLEN.

FRENCH DECLAMATIONS.

MR. ARTIGUENAVE will declaim in full and appropriate costume, at *Boylston Hall*, on WEDNESDAY EVENING next, the 30th inst. three Passages from the Cid of Corneille; one from the Templars of Reynouard; one from the Mauvais of Arnault; one from the Cinna of Corneille; one from the Phœdra of Racine; and one from the Tartuffe of Guimond de la Touche; Delirium of Orestes.

The Declamation will begin at half past 7 precisely, and the Tickets, one dollar each, with the pieces to be declaimed, a pamphlet at 25 cents, may be had at Richardson & Lord's Bookstore, 76 Cornhill, R. P. & C. Williams's Bookstore, Cornhill Square, and at the Door of the Hall. May 25.

GREAT PRIZES.

SOLD BY BRIDGE & RENOUF, No. 79, State-Street, since January 1, 1821, viz.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| No. 2134, | 40,000 | Dollars! |
| 7632, | 25,000 | Dollars! |
| 256, | 20,000 | Dollars! |

2 of $2000; 9 of $1000; and 4 of $500!

☞ *The following Prizes were sold at the above Office, at an earlier period, viz.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| No's. 4892 | $30,000 | No's. 10,789 | $10,000 |
| 1030 | 25,000 | 5091 | 10,000 |
| 30,918 | 25,000 | 10,696 | 10,000 |
| 28,956 | 25,000 | 1080 | 10,000 |
| 3197 | 20,000 | 8893 | 8,000 |
| 3279 | 20,000 | 2711 | 5,000 |
| 29,832 | 20,000 | 76 | 5,000 |
| 278 | 15,000 | 5461 | 5,000 |
| 2736 | 10,000 | 1369 | 5,000 |
| 4342 | 10,000 | 18,554 | 5,000 |
| 13,205 | 10,000 | 1180 | 5,000 |
| 8071 | 10,000 | 4433 | 5,000 |
| 2001 | 10,000 | 627 | 4,000 |
| 31,712 | 10 000 | | |

☞ 5 of $2000; 79 of $1000; and 88 of $500. ☜

May 25.

FRESH GOODS.

JAMES READ & CO. No. 11, Market-Street, have for sale, received by the recent arrivals from Europe,

Summer Vestings, a great variety;
4-4 and 6-4 pink, purple and black Ginghams;
Calicoes; White Cotton Cambrics;
Superior Gingham Umbrellas;
Black and coloured twilled and plain Bombazets;
Dimities;
Plain Lawn, Book, Lawn and Sacharilla MUSLINS;
Figured Book, Lenn, Crape and fancy do.
Drab Kerseys; salved list Blue BROADCLOTHS;
Plain Lasting Bindings; Silk Gloves;
Linen Cambrics; Black Bombazines;
Paris Kid Gloves; Shirting Cottons;
Irish Linens; 8-4 Cotton Shawls;
Coloured Sewing Silk;
Fine Gilt Coat, Vest and Maltese BUTTONS, &c.

May 25.

*Bender's Lottery & Exchange Office.*

No. 12, STATE-STREET.

ONLY a few Tickets and Parts in the 12th Class Springfield Bridge Lottery, for sale at Bender's Lottery and Exchange Office. Whole 6; Quarters, 62 1-2—they will rise again on Monday, when the Lottery commences drawing, and the first drawn Blank will be entitled to

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

May 25.

MORE LEGHORNS.

HORACE DRAPER, No. 60, Market-street, has just received—

2 Cases Superior Leghorn Straws;
2 do. Merino Shawls, all sizes;
1 do. Pink Ginghams;
1 do. Mourning do.
1 do. 6-4 Cotton Cambrics;
1 do. 4-4 and 6-4 Coloured Muslins;
6 do. Calicoes, different qualities;
4 do. Superfine Black Bombazines;
1 do. 4-4 and 6-4 Book Muslins;
1 do. 3-4 [illegible]
1 do. White [illegible]
1 Case 7-8 [illegible]

A few dozen [illegible] ENGLISH BLACK KID GLOVES, long wrists, superior Black COTTON HOSE; &c. &c. &c.

April 27.

From the American.

## SPAIN AND NAPLES.

[illegible] rose beyond the sea,
[illegible] shone in Europe's sight,
[illegible] Spain, was shed o'er thee,
[illegible] became so fair,
[illegible] from its height.

[illegible] was rising high,
[illegible] it flung afar,
[illegible] thither turned their eye,
[illegible] the city
[illegible] Spain 'neath freedom's star."

[illegible], in slavery heaped,
[illegible] chamber'd in her cloister,
[illegible] the sound the stirring accord,
[illegible] o'er all his plains.

[illegible] to cheer her on,
[illegible] weak her gaze
[illegible] of freedom's blaze,
[illegible] it has sunk and gone.

[illegible] arose,
[illegible] a shower pass'd away,
[illegible] on Naples glows,
[illegible] around her cloths,
[illegible] gleams great in ray.

[illegible] weep on, weep on,
[illegible] left thee now to die,
[illegible] might have won,
Spain's proud deeds have been thy own,
Had thy hearts been but firm and true."

S. S. R.

## A SONG,

Written by John Barber of N. Jersey, and sung at the Spring meeting of the Agricultural Society of New Brunswick, on the 28th of April, 1821.

A farmer's life's the life for me,
I own I love it dearly;
And ev'ry season, full of glee,
I take to labor cheerly—
To plough or sow,
To reap or mow;
Or in the barn to thresh, sir,
All's one to me,
I plainly see
'Twill bring me health and cash, sir.

The customers the merchant shows
His best broad-cloths and satin;
He hopes to sell a suit of clothes—
But lo! they beg a pattern—
Which pinn'd on sleeve,
They take their leave—
Perhaps they'll try—since low 'tis"
And if they do.
The sale he'll rue,
When paid, Sir, with a "notice."

The priest has plagues, as undesir'd,
When flatter'd with a call, sir,
For tho' he preach like one inspir'd,
He cannot please 'em all, sir.
Some wanting grace,
Length in his face,
While solemnly he's proving;
Some tongue or cough,
Some shuffle off—
And some are even dozing.

The lawyer finds a thousand ills,
Much like a hunted otter,
And, 'tween his own and others' strife,
He's always in hot water.
For tho' we stand
A mere defend,
However wrong, must he, sir,
In heaven's spite
Maintain 'tis right—
And dearly earn his fee, sir.

The doctor's styled a gentleman,
But this I hold but humbug;
For like a tavern waiting man,
He ev'ry call he's "coming"—
Now here, now there,
Must he repair,
Or starve, sir, by denying;
Like death himself,
Unhappy elf,
He lives by others' dying.

The soldier look'd in golden lace,
Looks round—you know, I own, sir,
[illegible] envy not his place—
[illegible] he's found by the beau, sir.
[illegible]
[illegible],
[illegible],
[illegible]
[illegible]
Because on the generation.

The sailor lives but in a jail,
[illegible] the rich beside, sir,
[illegible] tempter, and of gale—
[illegible] denied, sir,
While I so snug
Enjoy my mug,
Or kiss my wife, and so forth—
Whose smile [illegible]
The night between,
His duty bids him go forth.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible];
[illegible],
And [illegible]

## BIBLIOLOGY GLEANINGS.

The following letter from Mr. Symmes, the [illegible] opponent of the doctrine of the concavity of the earth, shows that his slates some of his zeal in [illegible], however lukewarm he has found the public towards it. There is something interesting in his illustration, however little credit he gives to his theories. On perusing the following letter, we [illegible] to [illegible] Mr. Symmes [illegible] very [illegible] of the [illegible] earth, has [illegible] recurring to his first principles [illegible]

[illegible] reference to an "outer [illegible]" it is really a pity that so much industry and ingenuity should be thus wasted in pursuit of an impossibility, which, if directed to practicable objects, might have led to useful results. The readiest way of undeceiving Mr. Symmes, we venture to suggest, would be to let him accompany the Expedition which, according to newspaper rumor, (we know of no better authority for the news,) is about to proceed from the United States to explore the north-west coast of America and the North Pacific Ocean. We have no doubt he could persuade a sufficient number of hardy seamen to volunteer to assist him in an expedition over-land or over-sea from Behring's straits; and it might be ascertained in thirty or forty days whether or not the polar point differs from any other part of the surface of the globe. It were worth the cost of the experiment, and almost worth the hazard, had it no other object than to explain to us some of the phenomena of Magnetism.—*National Intelligencer*

TO A GENTLEMAN IN WASHINGTON.

*Newport, Ky. April* 14, 1821.

Dear Sir: I yesterday saw the report of the committee relative to our claiming settlements on the north-west coast, and was much transported on perceiving that there was a probability of our having territory as high as the sixtieth degree of latitude; because I think, by pushing our discoveries up the rivers of those regions, we may obtain a continuous possession quite into the concave to an indefinite extent, more especially as, on lately reading over Mackenzie's voyage, I find reason to believe that there is a very large river which comes from the concave and discharges somewhere on that coast above the sixtieth degree; and that it is not far over land from the extremity of our claim to such great river, which, heading in the concave, must discharge, at all events, somewhere in the northern seas.

Were an expedition sent by land from where the sixtieth degree intersects the north-west coast, it could embark in canoes on such river, and ascend into the concave. And, if the mouth of such river is not owned by the Russians, and can be claimed by us, we may establish a claim to its sources; or we may do so at any rate, if we proceed to settle it soon with a strong arm.

According to my principles, all the internal rivers must press towards the exterior seas. I therefore infer that the great river Mackenzi, heard of (over his Stony Mountains) as running toward the mid-day sun, must have been running from the inner mid-day sun towards the exterior of the sphere, as the great river which Hearne found does. To understand me in this, you must bear in mind that I have declared that both Hearne and Mackenzie were within the sphere, without being aware of it, (see the Western Spy of the 22d inst.) As Mackenzie's interpreters were imperfect, they may have misunderstood the natives about which way the course the river ran. It appears to me most probable that Mackenzie's track winds round to the left over the left hand slope of the polar verge, as Hearne's does to the right over the right hand slope: if so, Mackenzie's east must have tended inwards, and west outwards: whilst Hearne's east tended outwards, and his west inwards.

Probably Cook's inlet would be the best place *in that quarter* for such an expedition to start from; but, as the Russians possess that part of the coast, other places may do nearly as well.

There is no time to lose. On such an expedition from that coast, there should be two or three hundred men, to ensure a secure passage. The distance by land to the great river cannot be far, for the brow of the verge must, in its lowest point, course below the sixtieth degree. In case of such an expedition going, a ship or two should attend some place up Davis's Straits, at some point and place to be fixed upon, to bring off the men in case the expedition found it best to return that way. But, it is useless to suggest plans whilst the world is so slow in listening to me as it is. Yet, should the subject become a popular topic, these ideas may be marshalled to some advantage; and if the contrary, they will remain a record for or against me, as they may prove true or untrue when tested by actual examination.

I remain, with esteem, your most obedient humble servant,

JNO. CLEVES SYMMES.

Communicated for the Galaxy.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is an oration, delivered from the deck of a ship, like a necklace?

Because it is a dec-oration.

2. Why is a steeple of a church like a minister?

Because it points to heaven.*

3. Why is Ireland likely to become the richest country in the world?

Because its capital is always Dublin (doubling.)

4. Why is the letter A like a honey-suckle?

Because a B follows it.

5. Why is a love-letter like a beef-market?

Because there are tender lines in it.

6. Why are the three first vowels like a careless person?

Because they are in-attentive.

7. When is a man over head and ears in debt?

When he has a wig on which is not paid for.

8. What is that which is set upon the table, and is cut, but never eaten?

A pack of cards.

* This conundrum is not strictly true when applied to a minister of the sabbath called orthodox, for he preaches, (not unknown, but) to heaven's antipodes.

GENERAL WASHINGTON

Was extremely reserved on the subject of European politics during the effervescence of the French Revolution, agriculture being the subject in which he appeared to delight. When Mr. Toulmin paid him a visit at Mount Vernon, he attempted to give the conversation a turn on the French Revolution; but the General, immediately, as it were, checked him by rising from his seat, and pointing to the chimney-piece, observed, "that was the key of the Bastile, presented me by my friend La Fayette." He then instantly resumed the subject of agriculture.

ANECDOTE.

The late Dr. Darwin had an impediment in his speech. He was sent for by a lady who was ill of a violent cold. She was a constant church goer in all weathers. The doctor observed that she might thank the damned church for her cold. The lady appeared quite shocked; the Doctor saw his error, which he rectified by saying—"madam, I said you might thank the—d—d—damp—damp church for your cold."

A NORFOLK ANECDOTE.

"How are you to-day?" said an Irish gentleman, to an acquaintance whom he met in the street. "I have got a very bad cold," was the reply. "Truth," said the other, "and you ought to be thankful that you can get *any thing* in these hard times."

ITALIAN BANDITTI.

On the 23d of December, at one o'clock in the morning, a banditti from the Neapolitan territory broke into the convent of St Francisco, which is outside the gates of the city Terracina, and seized 25 of the pupils with the teachers and several of his attendants, with whom they made off towards the mountains. At a short distance from the convent, a carbineer, named Bercolani, fell in with them, and endeavoured, though alone, to stop them, by firing upon them, but he was killed on the spot by the fire of two carbines. In this affair the Vice Rector of the convent was mortally wounded, and two of the pupils slightly. In the confusion, several of the pupils, with one of the teachers, effected their escape. Next day the ruffians released two of the pupils and the porter of the convent, with a note, demanding 30,000 ducats, and a supply of provisions, for the ransom of the rest of the prisoners. On the 25th four of the youngest children were restored, in consequence of a sum of money and provisions having been sent by their relatives; and, two days after, nine more of the pupils were ransomed for 8000 crowns. They had now only three pupils in their hands, for whose release they demanded 2400 crowns. At the moment when this last sum was to be delivered to them, a party of Neapolitan troops appeared at a distance, at the sight of whom the ruffians betook to flight; first beheading [illegible] in the presence of those whom they had come to redeem them. The third escaped them as by a miracle.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

When Sir Thomas More was Lord Chancellor in the reign of Henry VIII. he ordered a gentleman to pay a sum of money to a poor woman whom he had wronged. The gentleman said, 'Then I hope your Lordship will grant me a long day to pay it.' 'I will grant your motion' said the Chancellor; 'Monday next is St. Barnabas day; which is the longest day in the year; pay it to the widow that day, or I will commit you to the Fleet Prison.'

EFFECT.

Mr. Lee, the barrister, was famous for studying effect when he pleaded. On the circuit of Norwich, a brief was brought to him by the relatives of a woman who had been deceived into a breach of promise of marriage. Lee inquired, among other particulars, whether the woman was handsome? 'A most beautiful face,' was the answer. Satisfied with this, he desired she should be placed at the bar, immediately in front of the jury. When he rose, he began a most pathetic and eloquent address, directing the attention of the jury to the charms which were placed in their view, and painting, in glowing colors, the guilt of the wretch who could injure so much beauty. When he perceived their feelings worked up to a proper pitch, he sat down, under a perfect conviction that he should obtain a verdict. What, then, must have been his surprize, when the counsel retained by the opposite party rose, and observed, that it was impossible not to assent to the encomiums which his learned friend had lavished on the face of the plaintiff; but he had forgot to say that she had a *wooden leg!* This fact, of which Lee was by no means aware, was established, to his utter confusion. His eloquence was thrown away; and the jury, who felt ashamed of the effect it had produced upon them, instantly gave a verdict against him.

From Hogg's Jacobite Relics of Scotland.

In the rising of 1745, a party of Cumberland's dragoons was hurrying through Nithsdale in search of rebels. Hungry and fatigued, they called at a lone widow's house, and demanded refreshment. Her son, a lad of sixteen, dressed them up *lang kale and bacon*, and the good woman brought new milk, which she told them was all her stock. One of the party inquired, with seeming kindness, how she lived. 'Indeed,' quoth she, 'the cow and the kale yard, wi' God's blessing 'a' my maintain.' He arose, and with his sabre killed the cow, and destroyed all the kale. The poor woman [illegible] upon the world, and died of a broken heart. The disconsolate youth, her son, wandered away beyond the [illegible] of friends, or the remembrance of [illegible] the continental war, when the British army had gained a great victory, the soldiers were [illegible] while [illegible] recounting their exploits, roared out, 'I once starved a Scotch [illegible] in Nithsdale; I killed her cow, and destroyed her greens; but,' added he, 'she could live for all that on her God, as she said!' 'And don't you rue it?' cried a young soldier, starting up, 'don't you rue it?' 'Rue what?' said he, 'rue might like 'that!' 'Then, by my God,' cried the youth, unsheathing his sword, 'that rescues from my mother; draw, you brutal villain, draw.' They fought: the youth passed his sword twice through the dragoon's body, and while he turned him over in the throes of death, exclaimed, 'had you used it, you should have only been punished by your God.'

ANECDOTE OF THE EX-EMPRESS MARIA LOUISA.

It is not generally known that the present emperor of Austria is a man of very confined intellectual powers. Of all the persons with whom Napoleon was in alliance, he thought of none so contemptibly as of his father in law. One day being particularly vexed at something which the emperor of Austria had done, he observed to one of his courtiers, that the emperor was an old ganeche.* Maria Louisa, who was present, asked the meaning of the word, but the emperor evaded the question. Two or three days afterwards, she asked the Minister Cambaceres, what the word meant. Cambaceres, like a prudent man, first ascertained who had used the expression, and to whom it was applied. The empress very ingenuously told him. "Madam," said he, "the word signifies a wise, reflecting statesmen, who looks before he leaps."

Not long after this Napoleon went to Russia, and left Maria Louisa regent of the empire. She was one day sitting in council with the cabinet ministers discussing the merits of a plan for the defence of the frontiers, turning to Talleyrand, she said, "To you, M. Talleyrand, I entrust this arrangement, for I am thoroughly convinced that you are a complete Ganache." All the ministers stared except Cambaceres, who smiled in his sleeve, but he was too wise to offer an explanation at that time to the mortified Talleyrand and the rest of the astonished cabinet.

* The word Ganache is applied in France familiarly as an opprobrious epithet to distinguish persons who are particularly stupid and obstinate. It is perhaps one of the most offensive words that can possibly be used when thus applied. Being little known to females, it was quite natural that the Empress should not be acquainted with its signification.

A Dublin paper contains the following paragraph:—"Yesterday Mr. Kearney returning to town fell down and broke his neck, but happily received *no further damage*."

A Dutchman walking to the gallows, very deliberately applied his pipe to the [illegible] of the rope. While [illegible] for his pipe in the ribband of his hat, [illegible] swung off; but unfortunately the rope broke and let him to the ground; when looking thoughtfully at his pipe, he exclaimed 'now now, you have broke mine pipe much your levish nonsense.'

GENERAL WASHINGTON

Was remarkable for great equanimity, but, when roused, his passion was tremendous. A carpenter once brought him a bill for work done at his villa, Mount Vernon. The General thought himself imposed upon.—A violent noise and scuffle was heard in the lobby, by Tobias Lear, his secretary, who approaching the scene of tumult perceived the General working the carpenter to and fro upon the wall, while the latter was crying out murder. The General no sooner saw Lear than he desisted, and suffered himself to be conducted into his closet, where giving vent to a torrent of tears, he lamented his inability to conquer this frailty of nature.

THE PINCH

A person who kept a parrot, used frequently to put his finger into the cage to vex it. One day the parrot bit him: at which he exclaimed, "D——n it, how you pinch me." The parrot being the next day out of its cage, a hawk took him up and flew off with him—while the parrot kept crying, "D——n it, how you pinch me."

CHEAP LIVING.

A traveller was tempted to go into a cook's shop by this inscription: "Roast meat, boiled at 2*d.* a head." He was not a little disappointed by two courses of potatoes; 'the one boiled, the other roasted.

COPY OF A HAND BILL STRUCK AT [illegible] OF THE CITY OF [illegible]

"This is to certify, that I, Daniel O'[illegible]ghan, am not the person that was tarred and feathered by the liberty mob, on Tuesday last; and I am ready to give 20 guineas to any man that will lay me 10, that I am the other man who goes by my name.—Witness my hand, this 30th July. D. O'[illegible]."

A stammering countryman belonging to Connecticut offered a horse for sale to a merchant in Boston. The merchant supposing from the appearance, that he procured the horse dishonestly, asked if he knew Squire —— of Connecticut; he answered in the affirmative. "Well," says the merchant, "he is a d——d rascal"—"Very well, (replies the jockey) he says the same of you." Being asked which he believed: "*Faith, I believe you both.*"

A premium being lately offered by the [illegible] society for the best [illegible] "invention," the latter word being made "invitation" by the [illegible] of the painter, a farmer sent his wife to claim the prize!